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WANDERING STRAINS

FROM THE

LYRE OF THE NORTH.

BEING A COLLECTION

OF

SONGS, BALLADS, ETC.

BY F. RANDOLPH HULBERT.

Give me to write the Songs of a nation, and I care not who make its laws.

FLETCHER OF SALTOUN.

NEW-YORK:

CASPER C. CHILDS, PRINTER, No. 80 VESEY STREET.

1850.

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Entered according to Act of Congress, in the year 1850,

BY F. RANDOLPH HULBERT,

in the Clerk's Office of the District Court of the United States for the Southern District of New-York.

PREFACE.

When an author first presents himself before the tribunal of public taste for its approbation, it is presumed that he will offer satisfactory reasons for his justification, even if he fails to obtain that applause so gratifying to the heart, and so inspiring to renewed and happier efforts. This little BROCHURE was written at different periods, and with no intention originally of publication in this form: but the author believing that there was a small NICHE, yet unoccupied in the literature of our land, viz. that of Song and Ballad, and having devoted his leisure moments partially to that species of composition, added to which, having received the encouragement of many friends, for whose judgment he entertains a high regard, he is induced by these, and yet more strongly by personal considerations, to try the breeze of popular favor; and if in his tiny shallop, he does not or dares not tempt the high seas of Thought, he hopes by a judicious coasting voyage to be able to present something worthy of acceptance to his friends and the public; which, even if failing to soften or avert criticism, may at least awaken some answering chord in a warm and patriotic heart, responsive to the nobler and better feelings of our natures.

THE AUTHOR.

BROOKLYN, L. I.,
April, 1850.

SONGS, BALLADS, ETC.

NATIONAL SONG.

AIR—"*Blythe, blythe around the nappy.*"

BRAVE, brave and valiant were they—
Valiant were our olden sires,
Who uprose at Freedom's rally,
To protect our altar fires;
Whether 'mid the wintry tempest,
Whether 'mid the burning sun,
'Mid the day or night of danger,
Guided by our Washington!

CHORUS.—Brave, brave and valiant were they,
Valiant were our olden sires,
Who uprose at Freedom's rally,
To protect our altar fires.

Let Old Bunker's mount of glory,
Let proud Trenton's contest tell,
Or repeat Old Princeton's story,
Where the gallant Mercer fell.
Leading memory o'er the vista,
Eutaw's vale appears again;
Cowpens with her smitten legions,
And the tracks of "Marion's men!"

CHORUS.—Brave, brave, &c.

See from out that sylvan region,
Where the war-trump ne'er had rung;
When the mail'd oppressors sought it,
How each native yeoman sprung:
How the love of country fir'd them,
How they battled, sire and son;
How they smote the Royal Lion,
On the plains of Bennington!
CHORUS.—Brave, brave, &c.

Lo! on Saratoga's borders,
Leaguering hosts in steel combine;
Britons from the English vallies,
Hessians from the flowing Rhine;
Yankees from their mountain passes,
Born to strike, but not to yield,
And let Glory's annals tell you,
How they won that bristling field!
CHORUS.—Brave, brave, &c.

There by Hudson's leaping waters,
See those walls renown'd of yore,
Where Old Wayne led up his columns,
Rock and moat and ramparts o'er;
Led them through the fiery hail-storm,
Steel to steel, and breast to breast,
Winning from the hardy foeman
Victory for his Eagle crest.
CHORUS.—Brave, brave, &c.

See once more the triune legions,
In their iron columns meet,
There upflaunts St. George's banner,
There, the Bourbon's lillied sheet;
There, in all its virgin beauty,
See our glorious banner rise,
Reaping with our Gallic brothers,
Freedom for Columbia's skies!
CHORUS.—Brave, brave, &c.

Praises to the Fount of Blessing,
For the boon our fathers bled—
Boon for which the sons possessing,
Shrine the patriot, sainted dead.
Shrine their names with proud emotion,
Love the very scenes they trod,
And with pilgrim spirit wander,
Where their souls went up to God!
CHORUS.—Brave, brave, &c.

WRITTEN FOR THE CELEBRATION OF THE FOURTH OF JULY, 1848.

FORT GREEN, BROOKLYN.

AIR.—"*Star Spangled Banner.*"

OH, say on this Mount so ennobled of yore,
What scene meets the vision so glowing, appealing?
What is it awakens the cannon's loud roar,
And thrills every breast with a tumult of feeling?
'Tis the birthday of Freedom, that glorious day,
When the sunlight of Liberty shed its first ray,
When the chains were dissever'd that held us in thrall,
And the Union was born that encircles us all.

Oh, spirit of Washington, thou, who hast stood,
On this Sinai of patriots time long departed,
Descend till we breathe thee in accents subdued,
The incense that rises from bosoms true hearted;
We feel the great debt, which we'll never forget,
Till the star of our glory in darkness shall set,
Till the monument sinks and the proud temples fall,
And Chaos resumes her dominions o'er all!

Hail, day of rejoicing so lovely and grand,
Hail, advent of Liberty proudly returning,
A myriad of altars are gemming the land,
All radiant with light from oblations now burning;
By the valley and hill, by the river and rill,
The pœans ascend with a gusto and will,
'Tis the voice of the free and the songs of the brave,
The chaunts which they thunder o'er tyranny's grave.

They fought the good fight, our brave fathers of old,
The fields which they won were all trodden and gory,
But they conquer'd, the peerless, the stainless, the bold,
And left us a harvest of freedom and glory.
By their names then we swear, in the hall or the air,
Their heritage never to soil or impair,
But true as they trod the fair land of our birth,
So truly we'll keep it the pride of the earth!

Lo, Europe nas broken her centuries' trance,
The hymns of her Rolands have nerv'd her to action,
And forth in the van walks regenerate France,
No more to submit to a tyrant's exaction;
Germania uprears like a forest of spears,
And Italia sweeps on with her noble compeers,
While close in their van but abiding their time,
Sarmatia and Erin will follow sublime.

Oh, praise to the heroes who virtue-inspired,
Led forward the masses to freedom forever,
They shall live in our bosoms the princely admired,
And dying—their fame be forgotten,—no never!
The canvas shall glow, and the pyramid show,
That gratitude has an abiding below,
And points out eternal, the good and the brave,
Who perill'd supremely, or perish'd to save!

BATTLE OF MONTEREY.

If I *advance*, follow me,—if I *fall*, avenge me,—if I *shrink*, kill me.——Address of the Marquis De La Roche Jacquelin, to the Vendean Army.

Brave those men of modern story,
Patriot sons and fathers hoary,
Who achiev'd such deathless glory,
On the field of Monterey.

History—the old recorder,
Paints Leonidas, the sworder,
Fighting on the Grecian border,
While the Persians round him lay.

'Twas a thrilling hour and glorious,
There where Sparta was victorious,
And the poet ne'er censorious,
Still delights to sing that day.

Glorious too those hours undying,
Agincourt and Poictiers vieing,
These to Fontenoy replying,
Sung so oft in minstrel lay.

Glorious *more*, aye, kindling, burning,
Day our sons shall e'er be learning,
When our sires their shackles spurning,
Drove the tyrant's hordes away.

Bunker's mount yet tells the story,
Bennington flames out in glory,
And Stillwater's field so gory,
Shows her old redoubts to day!

Monmouth, Trenton, Princeton rally,
Brandywine leads on the sally,
And by Eutaw's fairy valley,
See again the falchions play.

Cowpens, Yorktown, brightly glowing,
Southern chivalry are showing,
Adding still, and still bestowing
Glory o'er our onward way.

Glorious hour when great Napoleon,
Clomb the Alps like fleet Tyrolean,
And with music *not* Æolian,
O'er Italia swept his way.

There his battle fields still brightly,
Picture you his deeds so knightly,
There you tread the earth more lightly,
Haunted by the prescient clay!

But the fame on all depending,
I'd exchange for that descending,
Where the Stars and Stripes were blending,
On the heights of Monterey!

There in triumph shone the spirit,
Which Columbia's sons inherit,
Born of worth and stamp'd with merit,
Like the glorious olden day.

I'd give half my days remaining,
Never for the loss complaining,
To have shar'd the proud campaigning,
By the walls of Monterey!

Fame to me had then descended,
Through my line its radiance blended,
And like woman's love ne'er ended,
But shown on with deathless ray.

Yet regret is disappearing,
In this thought to me so cheering,
So consoling and endearing,
For *my* loss of Monterey.

That the Anglo Saxon bearing,
All their freedom, fire and daring,
I, with them am heir and sharing,
Something too of Monterey.

Something in a lineage peerless,
From Columbian fathers fearless,
Cheering when all else is cheerless,
Nerving as at Monterey.

Then hurrah for Yankee beauty,
Yankee prowess love and duty,
Yankee anything to suit ye,
Such as shone at Monterey.

And while bright the cup is flowing,
To their memory tears bestowing,
Let us hope with bosoms glowing,
We may find a Monterey!

SONG.

AIR.—"*Rosin the Bow.*"

LET us look o'er the ruins of feeling,
Far back through the lapses of years;
Ere the future our hearts is congealing,
And dried up the fountain of tears.

Lo! the roses of Beauty are glowing,
And there's frankness of heart and of hand,
With accents of melody flowing,
That Memory cannot withstand.

I see them, the true, the confiding,
And we roam the bright pathways of youth;
While Hope like an angel is guiding
Those bosoms to knowledge and truth.

Oh, scenes of the heart how Elysian,
Ye visit my being once more;
And I feel like a boy in the vision,
With the song and the splendor of yore.

But faded, they've faded forever,
Those scenes of contentment and love;
And hearts that were hard to dissever,
Have flown to the regions above.

Thus link after link has been riven,
That bound me to beauty and worth;
And I wander like Memory driven,
Through halls that are silent to mirth.

But traces yet linger in beauty,
Sweet glimpses that never can fade;
The lessons of truth and of duty,
In sorrow or gladness obey'd.

And still let me cling to their glory,
And copy their actions divine,
And if all forgotten in story,
Some heart will my memory shrine.

SONG.

AIR.—*We have liv'd and lov'd together.*

GIVE thy smiles to those that love them,
But thy silent tears to me;
And thy tones let one but prove them,
In thy sorrow or thy glee.

For the many doubt true feeling,
And I would that none might see
That soft heart so unconcealing,
With a treasur'd thought of me.

In that sweet recess and nearest,
Where the life-drops wander through,
I would have thee shrine me, dearest,
As I've shrined thee, ever true.

Like the violet retiring,
In its fairy hidden dell,
Would my spirit unaspiring,
In that moral Eden dwell.

Super-living, super-feeling,
Let time furrow brow and cheek;
So our hearts, to each appealing,
Find the true-born joys they seek.

SONG.

AIR.—"*Long, long ago.*"

I came to the place of my birth, and asked for the friends of my childhood, and cried, "Where are they?" and echo answered, "Where?"

I CAME to the spot where my childhood was passed
Long, long ago! long, long ago!
And all was a ruin that beauty had graced,
Long, long ago! long ago!
"Where *are* they," I cried and the echo replied,
Where *are* they? where *are* they? no more by my side,
Shall they be as they've been, my protection and guide,
Long, long ago! long ago!

I roamed o'er the haunts that my infancy knew,
Long, long ago! long, long ago!
The flowers were as bright, and the same was their hue,
Long, long ago! long ago!

The birds on each spray poured the same artless lay,
The brooks sang along o'er the same pebbly way ;
But the friends of my youth they had flown like a ray ;
Long, long ago ! long ago !

I gazed on those scenes till the past was restored,
Long, long ago ! long, long ago !
We met by the wildwood, the vale and the board ;
Like long ago ! long ago !
I spoke, for my heart it was full of the past,
"Ho, comrades, ho ! we have mingled at last ;"
But the forms fled away mid the charms I had cast.
Long, long ago ! long ago !

SONG.

Air.—"*Go, forget me, why should sorrow.*"

Oh, think not that I forget thee,
Or unceasing still regret thee,
Since the hour when last I met thee,
In the days of long ago.

We have loved and roamed together,
Through the woods by burn and heather,
Morn and eve, in radiant weather,
In the days of long ago.

In our gaze the sky grew clearer,
Every object seemed still dearer ;
Heaven itself in joy was nearer,
In the days of long ago.

Birds, that sung in summer bowers,
Bees, that hummed among the flowers,
Echoed but the song of ours,
In the days of long ago.

Hath a change thy heart invaded ?
Is the past forgotten, faded ?
Is my image all degraded,
From its shrine of long ago ?

Speak, oh, speak if memory hovers,
O'er the hours when we were lovers;
If thy heart *to-day* discovers,
Still it loves like long ago.

SONG FOR WASHINGTON'S BIRTHDAY.

As Sung by W. J. Hamilton.

Air.—"*Columbia, the gem of the Ocean.*"

Oh, Washington, pride of the nation,
How grateful our hearts beat to thee,
Who fought for our country's salvation,
And made us so happy and free ;
And while this proud day is returning,
We'll hallow thy glorious name,
With a glow and a passionate yearning
Warmed up by the torch of thy fame.

For years thou didst battle for freedom
With foes that were mighty and strong,
In the van of our Fathers to lead 'em,
Thy vales, Independence, among ;
O'er the Jordan of trial forever,
Like Joshua, thou ledst them, of old,
To the Canaan where never, oh, never,
Their rights shall be bartered or sold.

O'er the land, o'er the lake and the ocean,
Where floateth the flag of the free,
Awakes all the fire of devotion,
And burns in its pureness to thee ;

For that banner was born with thy glory,
And neither shall fade to the last,
But be sung in the pages of story,
Enlinked to the future and past.

Let the canvas still breathe, and the column
Uprise in its beauty and grace,
With a grandeur appealing and solemn,
His deeds and his virtues to trace;
And the nation shall glow in new splendor,
Illumed by the lessons so grand,
Of Washington, Father, Defender,
The pride of our own native land!

ODE,

Sung at the Funeral Obsequies of Capt. CHARLES H. PIERSON, Greenwood Cemetery, July 14, 1848.

ORIGINAL AIR.—*Cleaveland, by Benjamin Wyman.*

To Honor's fields when duty called
The Hero sped afar;
Nor fear his patriot heart appalled,
Led on by Glory's star.

And o'er the wild and desert plain,
And rude Sierra's crest,
In scorn of danger, toil and pain,
His daring footsteps pressed.

He launched the Eagle of the Free,
Upon the battle's storm,
And saw her plumed with victory,
When pour'd his life blood warm.

Rest, Pilgrim Dust, for sweetly here,
Thy form reclaimed may rest,
Where kindred hearts may drop the tear,
Above thy gallant breast.

Rest, where the turf which robes thy clay,
Was Freedom's dauntless field;
Rest, where thy sires in Freedom's day,
In blood to Heaven appealed.

And when the wakening trump shall sound,
To burst the verdant sod:
May duty's sacrifice be crowned,
By rest and peace with God.

SONG.

She is lovely as the roses
That gem the breast of May,
And her smile a charm discloses,
That steals the heart away;
Form so fair and mien enchanting,
Have never shone before,
And I bow with bosom panting,
To breathe my passion o'er.

She has mind and active feeling,
And from her bosom springs
Sweet traits her soul revealing,
As time his mission brings?
And I cannot choose but love her,
As a being pure and bright,
And like a pilgrim hover,
Round my shrine of grace and light!

TO THE FIRST BLUE BIRD OF SPRING.

Oh, harbinger of coming Spring, the feelings of my heart
Breathe out their incense unto thee, for thine awakening art;
Thou tellest that the chilling winds, the frost and ice shall go,
And soon, beside the forest paths, the violets will blow.

The blooming fields of summer hours shall come to us again,
The lowing of the homeward cows, the waving of the grain;
The cheerful shouts of honest toil shall fill the flushing air,
And songs of children, bees and birds, be round us everywhere.

Yes, blessed be thy matin strain, though humble is the lay,
For thou hast told us truly that the Winter's past away;
And like the first glad messenger, that brings us tidings rare,
So with acclaim we 'll sing thy name, bright denizen of air.

THE FARMER'S SUNSET HYMN.

Praise to thee, Father, for all good
Vouchsafed us in the hours gone by,
For life, for strength and fortitude,
And hope that doth not die.

The day is o'er,—the setting sun,
Which rose so fair, hath smiled throughout,
And Labor's sons their toil have done,
And cease their gladsome shout.

The outward strain is hushed—but soft,
Within the chambers of the heart,
The music rises sweet and oft,
That grateful feeling start.

So blessed, beyond the common lot,
With bounties from thy gracious hand;
So graced with beauty every spot
Of our dear, native land.

How can we but upraise the eye,
In tearful thankfulness, and bend
To Him who rules immensity—
Our Saviour, Father, Friend?

THE LIGHT OF LOVE.

AIR,—"*My Heart and Lute.*"

THE light of love—of radiant love,
Is still the light for me;
It never clouds like sun above,
But flashes ever free.

The golden orb may warm the earth,
Yet feels the heart its ray?
Ah, no, nor aught would spring to birth,
Beamed there no brighter day.

Give sorrow vent, the forcing tear
May dim the sparkling eye,
But Love from out her smiling sphere
The trembling pearls shall dry.

This light glows in the rustic cot,
As mild as Eden's morn;
And grandeur's dome is quite forgot,
By hearts these beams adorn.

Warm, warm my heart, oh, holy love,
While life shall warm this clay;
Till mounting to its home above,
It basks in equal ray.

LONG TIME AGO.—BALLAD.

AIR.—"*Long Time Ago.*"

In the hours of youthful fancy,
Feeling and glow,
I first met with lovely Nancy,
Long time ago;
She was Beauty's fairest daughter,
Eyes like the sloe,
And the radiant Graces taught her,
Long time ago.

Raven locks stole round her bosom,
Kissing the snow,
Like a bee upon the blossom,
Sweetness to know;
And her voice like music's measure,
Charmed with its flow,
Filled every heart with pleasure,
Long time ago.

Long I strove to curb the feeling,
True love will show,
But the moon once caught me kneeling,
Long time ago;
Words were few, but passion-laden,
Breathed warm and low,
And I won the charming maiden,
Long time ago.

Years stole by, untouched by sadness;
Sorrow and wo,
Lost their hue ensteeped in gladness,
Long time ago;
Bright our sky of hope was shining,
All in a glow,
And our hearts grew intertwining,
Long time ago.

But the sweetest flower has perished
Being could show,
And the angel form I cherished
Lies cold and low;
Lies beneath yon weeping willow,
Where lilies blow,
With the cold earth for a pillow,
Long time ago.

When the gairish day is wearing,
Sadly and slow,
To that holy spot repairing,
Ofttimes I go;
There I breathe the plaint of sorrow,
Struck bosoms know,
Vainly from the past I borrow,
Long time ago.

But I see at morn and even,
Mild is its glow,
One unchanging star in Heaven,
Smile on below;
'Tis the spirit of a mortal,
Freed from Life's wo,
Gazing from its sapphire portal,
Long time ago.

Purified, translated, dearest,
From earthly wo,
May I be as thou appearest,
Crown on thy brow;
Then, oh, then our souls united,
Pure joys shall know,
Purer joys than first delighted,
Long time ago.

SONG,

For the Celebration of Burns' Birthday.

AIR.—"*Red Robin.*"

AULD Scotia for ages was gloamin',
With darkness that springs from the mind,
And the Goddess that guards her was roamin'
O'er regions more bright and refined;
For the Lyre, that Apollo had given,
She lost on her mountains one day,
And the sweetness of music was driven
From the glen, and the burn, and the brae.

But a plowman turned up the rich treasure,
And swept Caledonia's Lyre;
Awakening new sources of pleasure,
In strains full of fancy and fire.
Every passion and beauty and feeling,
He sung from the depths of his soul,
And we yield to his lyric appealing,
We bow to our Burns's control!

Oh, mountains, that tower in your splendor,
Oh, valleys, that paradise seem,
Oh, plains, that had Bruce for defender,
Oh, hearts, of his glorious theme;
Oh, haunts, where his Mary has wandered,
Oh, scenes of the Cottar's delight,
Oh, streams where the Bardie has pondered,
Ye live in our memory to-night!

Columbia thus twines you her roses,
Bedewed with the wealth of her tears,
And hallows the urn that encloses
The poet of seasons and years;

She hymns you in song, and her sages
Shall breathe of your glory and worth,
While time shall go waning through ages
Or Genius ennobles the earth!

TO ——.

I LOVE thee not as others love,
Thy heritage and face;
But truly that mine eyes perceive,
A more essential grace.

I love thee, for thou hast a soul,
Above the vulgar crowd,
And for that pearl of pearls—a mind,
That acts and speaks aloud.

Thine eye can see the beauty of
Each flower, that gems the sod,
And in the fashionry of leaves,
The handiwork of God.

The harmonies of Nature's Lyre,
Thou feelest as I feel,
And where the multitude pass on,
We list, abide and kneel!

Bees, birds and waters, and the stars,
The golden clouds we see,
Though simple prose to half the world,
Are poetry to thee.

For this and these I love thee, dear,
And more—because thou hast
A heart, that ever strives to make
Mine happy to the last!

ODE,

Sung at the Celebration by the citizens of Brooklyn, on obtaining the City Charter.

Go forth o'er the wave, far from tyranny's shores,
Where the lips may breathe out what the bosom adores,
Oh, bow not the head, and oh, bend not the knee,
There are climes where we'll roam in our pilgrimage free;
Where the spirit shall mount with devotional fire,
On the wings of refined and unsullied desire;
Where man in the pride of his birthright shall stand,
With none to o'erawe him and none to command.

Thus spake our proud sires, as they sought the green plains
Of Columbia's clime, where equality reigns;
Here, safe from the evils of tyranny's doom,
They made e'en the desert and wilderness bloom.
Fair Industry, Taste, with a magical power,
Reared the hamlet in pride and the wild woven bower;
While the Arts and the Sciences shed their control,
To embellish the form and illumine the soul.

Oh, scene of delight most enchantingly sweet,
To view thus our sons in such harmony meet,
With order and wisdom and strength see them join,
To exalt, to embody, perfect and refine;
To live to the noblest emotions as true,
As they are to the soil which their infancy knew,
To show to the despots and sophists of earth,
Where *Liberty* dwells is the Temple of Worth.

Behold, on this spot where the wild Indian strode,
And found in the gloom of the woods his abode,
Where the echo of industry gave not a sound,
But the whoop of the chase filled the valleys around,
No longer the yell of the savage is heard,
Or the scream of the dark and the night-loving bird;
For the gloom and the forest have melted away,
'Neath the finger of change and the tooth of decay.

Lo! a halo of light, like the radiance of morn,
Bursts around us in glory—a CITY is born!
Then hail to thee, Brooklyn, all fair as thou art;
Though young, still we treasure thee deep in the heart;
And long as Columbia in triumph shall reign,
So long shall thy sons thy proud Charter maintain,
And this be the motto of each and of all,
"United we stand, but divided we fall!"

HYMN.

For an Odd Fellows' Celebration.

TUNE.—"*Old Hundred.*"

ETERNAL source of Love and Light,
Thou fountain whence our pleasures spring,
When guided by thy rule of right,
The heart's pure offering warm we bring.

Creator, Father, Lord, to Thee,
In faith and hope and awe, we bend
Dependant on thy mercies free,
For aid to shield us and defend.

Thy holy attributes, O God,
Implant with vigor in each soul,
And purifying their abode,
Let Virtue's light illume the whole;

Let "Honor, Friendship, Love and Truth,"
Cement us stronger day by day,
And flourish in perennial youth,
Still faithful to the mystic sway.

So shall we best adorn our lives
With graces that shall brighter shine,
And as each circling year arrives,
Be nearer drawn to thee and thine.

"In God we put our trust,"—our hope
We anchor in thy perfect love,
With faith beyond this mortal scope,
To fill thy Heavenly Lodge above!

TO AN ABSENT SISTER.

When time shall travel o'er my cheek,
And wear his rugged way,
And age in every lock shall speak,
How youth and grace decay;
Dear Sister, in thy gentle heart,
My memory may arise,
To prove, while other things depart,
The strength of kindred ties.

Some thought on recollection's leaf,
Some token of the past,
Some scene of pleasure, sweet as brief,
Among thy fancies cast;
Some tone all brotherly and kind,
Appealing shall be brought,
And thou shalt feel within thy mind,
I am not *quite* forgot.

We roamed in childhood, side by side,
Among our native hills,
And echo to our songs replied,
Despite of chiming rills;

Those early memories of the heart
With nature must remain,
And though the *forms* for age depart,
The *shadows* come again!

I know, though we are sundered far
And years have passed away,
That naught can thy affection mar,
Or hide its ceaseless ray;
I know (and what a joy it yields),
That by the crowd forgot,
One kindly bosom truly feels,
And will forget me not!

SONG, TO JULIA,

ON RECEIVING A LOCK OF HER HAIR.

AIR.—"*Days of Absence.*"

LADY sweet, why thus enchain me
Stronger with thy raven hair,
Should I fly? thou'dst soon regain me,
For my heart thy chains doth wear.

But yet give the little treasure,
And I'll bind me stronger still,
Happy in the ideal pleasure,
That I move but at thy will.

Nay, thou canst not need assistance,
Thus to draw me to thy heart,
When thy looks can melt resistance,
Rays, of more than mortal art.

Wouldst thou, loved and peerless beauty,
Draw me to thy glowing shrine,
All thou need'st to win my duty,
Is—to smile, and I am *thine!*

TEMPERANCE SONG.

AIR.—"*She never blamed him, never.*"

SHE never blamed him, never,
For the years of sorrow known,
Her smile was warm as ever,
And as kind the greeting tone.
But, oh! the hearts of feeling,
Know well the grief she felt,
When no more his course concealing,
Beside his couch she knelt.

They had been blest together,
For many a rolling year,
While fortune's sunny weather,
Brought pleasure, hope and cheer;
And prattlers sweet around them,
Gave music to each heart,
And they felt that bliss had crowned them,
Which never would depart.

Fair dawns the summer morning,
To paint the azure sky,
But soon the clouds give warning,
And the rosy colors fly;
So he the proud unshaken,
Threw off his wreath of pride,
Nor tears, nor prayers could waken,
But only to deride.

He roams at morn and even,
The wreck of better days,
No heart for love or heaven,
No tongue for thanks or praise.

And dim the eye once shining,
With manhood's noble fire;
Health, beauty, grace resigning,
He bends to low desire.

Yet, joy! sweet hope is breaking,
Where sorrow long hath been,
For the sacred *pledge* he's taking,
And the mourned one's true again;
Their home now shines with pleasure,
As in other days it shone,
And their hearts dance to the measure
Of the olden music tone.

THOUGH LOVE BE ALL THY DOWER, MY FAIR.

AIR.—"*My Heart and Lute.*"

THOUGH love be all thy dower, my fair,
That love is wealth to me;
And deep enshrined the pearl I'll wear,
The type of purity.

What though no splendor be our lot,
Far from the busy haunt;
Thine eyes shall cheer the woodland spot,
And birds at morn shall chant.

In calm domestic peace, the hours
Shall roll in gladness by;
And threading nature's vernal bowers,
We'll feel no raptures fly.

When time shall dim our eyes of fire,
And chill the heart of love,
Still buoyant on refined desire,
Our souls shall join above.

LIGHTS OF THE WORLD.

We've lights abroad on this world of ours,
To drive its gloom away;
And the darker the shadows round us lowers,
The brighter beams their ray.

The first is the sheen of Woman's eye,
And thousand hearts can tell,
'Mid the cheerless gloom of destiny,
How rich that radiance fell.

When the torch of Hope was glimmering faint
In the stricken breast of wo;
That light flashed out as the crown of a saint
Or the birth of Heaven's own bow.

There glows a vivid and warming light,
It beameth from Mercy's shrine,
How hails the repentant heart its sight,
And melts with its ray benign.

But there is a broader and holier glow,
Of a deathless brilliancy;
'Tis dearer than love—'tis the richest below,
'Tis thy own, blest Charity!

HOME,

AN EXTRACT.

By various fates and wild ambition led,
From Home and its endearing joys we fled,
Trod the fair scenes of many a stranger shore,
And viewed their beauties and their trophies o'er;
Lived in the atmosphere of classic climes,
Where men *were* men in good, old-fashioned times,

Saw much to please but more, still more to blame,
To crush the spirit and its freedom tame;
Sick of their thrones desired no more to roam,
And full of liberty came back to Home.

Home, home, dear home, oh, there forever cling,
Seek ye for pleasure?—'tis a fleeting thing,
The gloss of novelty may please the eye,
But, ah, how soon the transient colors fly!
In vain we stray for an enduring good,
Seek the thronged mart or voiceless solitude;
Satiety still haunts us everywhere,
And through each scene we bear our load of care,
Our morbid appetites, no zest can find,
And poor the food for our immortal mind;
These stamp as trash the common things below,
And bid us seek some purer joys to know;
Oh, then forego the wish and cease to roam,
If there be bliss you'll find its light at *Home!*

IN THE DAYS OF THE PAST.

"Tis of *thee* that I think, not of *them*."

AIR.—"*Rosin the Bow*."

IN the days of the past which have perished,
But little I've lost to regret,
Because the kind heart I have cherished,
Beats on to be loved by me yet;
To be loved for the tone of its feeling,
For its lofty and passionate aim,
The noblest endearments revealing
That hope or ambition should claim.

Is it beauty of form or expression,
The languor of look, or of limb,
That lures the warm heart to confession,
When daylight is fading and dim?
Or is it the semblance that's glowing,
That each in the other doth see,
A pleasure,—a rapture bestowing,
Not measured by rank or degree?

No matter,—I feel there is beauty,
And something refining in love;
I know it will prompt us to duty,
And duty will lead us above.
Then love while the bosom is beating,
While yet there is passion and fire,
For the *present* and *future* are meeting,
And Time will extinguish desire!

IN CŒLO QUIES.

Come, thou, who, in the hours of wo,
Hast seen thy friends like frost decay,
And bending neath th' impending blow,
Sighed deep for wings to flee away;
Oh, while the iron enters in,
Remember, better men have striven
Against the world's surrounding sin,
Buoyed by the hopes of Heaven.

Malice may wound thy earthly joy,
Behind the cloak of sanctity,
A thousand petty foes annoy,
To sicken or to sadden thee;
But when the stormy day is o'er,
There comes at last a smiling even,
So thou shalt find a peaceful shore,
There's joy,—there's rest in Heaven.

What though on this tempestuous scene,
  There is no deep, confiding love,
No sunshine to break in between
  The darkling ills we daily prove;
Yet, yet the faith in brighter spheres,
  Not vainly or illusive given,
Still nerves us and we dash the tears:
  There's purest love in Heaven.

While high ambition's course is checked,
  Howe'er its glorious promptings lead,
While every great emprise is wrecked,
  And all the heart is left to bleed;
How poor, how utter poor were we,
  With nought to soothe us or enliven,
Did not we look across Life's sea,
  And find it all in Heaven?

Divinest hope of better days,
  Upon the bright and golden shore,
Oh, sway my heart and bid it raise,
  Its murmurings to the lips no more,
Come clouds and sorrows, every ill,
  And let each earthly tie be riven,
So let me in Thy sovereign will,
  But meet the blest in Heaven!

EPIGRAM.

Nature abhors a vacuum, and she made
  Fair Woman's heart as solid as a stone,
And with *one* attribute the mass arrayed;
  To *seem* all feeling, but to have just —*none!*
If this be false sweet Inez, show me true,
And I confess my heresy to you.

COL. CROCKET'S FAREWELL.

AIR.—"*Bride's Farewell.*"

FAREWELL, wife and children, twining
Round my heart with links of love,
Far I go, but ne'er divining
Whether Fortune's star be shining,
O'er the land my steps may rove.
You that know me feel the sorrow
In my beating bosom's core;
Know, though Hope may largely borrow
Solace from the bright to-morrow,
She may not your forms restore!

Farewell, dear and youngest daughter,
Let me press thee closer now,
For from carnage, blood and slaughter,
Poured perchance like ocean water,
Kiss thy fair but burning brow:—
Closer let me press thee, dearest,
To thy father's changeless heart;
And the smiles thou ever wearest,
And the love thou ever bearest,
Shall console when far apart.

Farewell, son, may boon and blessing
Crown thy heart with golden store,
And a patriot's zeal possessing,
Western spirit unrepressing,
Skyward, like our Eagles, soar!
Scorn to bow with vile submission,
Pander, traitor, thus to be
To a tyrant's foul ambition,
Falling from that proud condition,
Shield of glorious Liberty!

Farewell, country, friend and brother,
Scenes of youth and manhood's years,
Sister, sire and sainted mother,
Nought the patriot's love may smother,
For a clime in chains and tears:
Yes, farewell, perhaps, *for ever!*
I may sleep on gory bed,
But till being's chain shall sever,
With a soul for high endeavor,
Crockett's step and heart's ahead!

SPRING.

The lovely Spring—the joyous Spring—
Comes o'er our clime again;
A welcome to its blossoming,
Its fleet but smiling reign.
This morn a carol from the vale,
Light hearted, soft and free,
Came freighted on the gentle gale,
Whispering of Spring to me.

The blessing of the showery skies
Has fallen on the grove,
And peeping from their low disguise,
I see the flowers I love,
The yellow, mottled, crimson, blue,
Their thousand tints display,
And all of balm and brilliant hue
Meet in the fair array.

The south, the south, the balmy south,
How breathes it o'er the heart,
Each floweret opes its silken mouth,
And feels new fibres start;

It gives a life to dormant powers,
Their fetters off it flings,
And bears away the laughing hours
More gaily on its wings.

Now brightly glows the freshened sky,
The clouds are gaily blent,
Fringing their fleecy tapestry,
With golden garnishment;
The rills flow purer, and they fling
A gush of music out,
Whose cadence is, 'tis Spring! 'tis Spring!
'Tis Spring! *my* pulses shout.

OH, THE SHAMROCK BLOOMS, ETC.

AIR.—"*Love's young dream.*"

OH! the Shamrock blooms on Erin's breast,
The Rose on English ground,
And the Lily rears its paly crest,
Fair Gallia's plains around;
And flowers of light enchain the sight,
O'er many a balmy land,
But the flower for me and Liberty,
The symbol proud and grand,
Is the bonnie Thistle waving free
O'er Caledonia's strand.

That glorious emblem meets the eye,
Enwreathed on bannered fold,
Where gleams the fire of chivalry,
From warrior's leal and bold.

O'er Abraham's plain it streams again,
O'er Abercrombie's field,
And where Corunna's chieftain slain,
In death the victory sealed ;
And at Waterloo, where not in vain
The thrilling pibroch pealed.

And cast the eye along the page
Of Scotia's storied past,
Where her warriors threw the battle gage
And blew the charging blast.
Ay, proudly turn to Bannockburn,
That kindling day lang syne,
When the Thistle's motto shone in light,
That none may safe combine,
To rouse in fight the Scottish might,
O'er the blood of the Gælic line !

And not alone on bannered field
The Scottish fame is known,
For the music of her Bards has pealed
From farthest zone to zone ;
Ay, sweeping o'er the Atlantic's roar,
It lives within each soul,
And it still shall pour, along our shore,
Whilst Ocean's billows roll,
To melt the heart, with magic art,
To beauty's sweet control.

The Scottish mountains rear their head,
Abune the thunder cloud,
And their roaring music down is shed
On leaping linns so loud,
But far below, where the gowans blow,
The vale like Eden seems,
And the angel nymphs at gloamin' go,
By fairy-haunted streams,
To the trysting spots that lovers know,
To weave their golden dreams !

Proud clime in deathless annals bright,
The soil where Wishart bled,
The land where Knox's holy light
O'er human hearts was shed.
Where worth and grace illume each face,
Where Honor's temple stands,
Where the eye can trace, in the manly race,
Fair Freedom's stalwart bands;
And the artless smile, and the lip and wile
Like the dream of fairy lands!

Still, still be sung those banks and braes,
Where Highland Mary strayed,
And the glens and burns and flowery ways,
In sweetest guise arrayed.
Some bonnie Jean, still haunt each green,
Some Bruce each martial plain;
Let the tartans stream in fancy's dream,
And the bonnet blue be seen,
And the thistle wave o'er the hero's grave,
To guard the hallowed scene!

Yet once again pour out the strain,
To Scotia's mountain clime,
And the goblet's brim flow bright to him,
Who sung her traits sublime
In hall or cot, whate'er the lot,
Each soul lyre-smitten turns,
And the songs we wreathe, and the toast we breathe,
As the melting bosom yearns.
We twine around the name of a glorious fame,
Round the deathless minstrel—BURNS!

SOME say that *love* has not a joy,
To reimburse for all its pain;
To such, be given its base alloy,
To me,—to love and love again!

THE OCEAN-BOUND REPUBLIC.

"I would make this an Ocean-bound Republic, and have no more disputes about limits, or red lines upon the map."

"This Continent is merely large enough for republican experiment: we have the right from high Heaven,—from destiny,—to all of it, every inch of it."

Congressional Speeches.

The Ocean-bound Republic, how beautiful it looms,
From Patagonia's distant shores to Melville's artic glooms,
With her myriad plains and valleys, her myriad hills and mountains,
Her gleaming lakes and rivers long and thousand sparkling fountains,
With her moral, physic beauty, unfolding every grade
Of intellect or happy form that Nature has displayed,
With her varied skies and climate, and each production rare,
Of aliment for every taste, and good that man should share;
How can we fail to love her, how can we choose but win,
This Ocean-bound Republic, to nurture Freedom in,
And leap to glorious destiny which God enstamped our birth,
The Pharos of the moral world,—the wonder of the Earth?

Ay, look along the pages of our own ancestral line,
And see the prowess they displayed in days of "Auld Lang Syne,"
And say if their descendants shall shame their noble sires,
By quenching e'en a single spark of freedom's lustrous fires;
Or rather not extend them to Del Fuego's Isle,
Till the llanos and the pampas, the prairies all shall smile,
Till the Red man of the North and the South shall meet in love,
One common destiny below, one common bliss above;
Till the East, the West, the Centre, like the heart's arterial play,
All interfused and glowing, shall show the happy sway,
And every child of Nature, however rude and low,
Shall feel the throes of Liberty and be the tyrants' foe!

For liberty a Hampden, a Sidney, Russell fell,
And watered with heroic blood the Saxon valleys well,
And the shoots that sprung from English soil, transplanted to *our* shore,
Have struck their roots full fathoms deep to bloom for evermore.

Then out with every vestige of despotism here,
God gave to us this heritage for Freedom's hemisphere,
For virtue and true nobleness whose only nurture springs,
Beneath the Eagle's sweeping flight, the rustling of his wings;
Then gild upon your banners, ye men of iron mould,
Those thrilling talismanic words so stirring to behold,
Ay, wave them through all trial until the glorious time
When the Ocean-bound Republic shall circle us sublime!

SONG.

AIR.—"*Long Time Ago.*"

LADY fair, the days are perished,
Once sweet to know;
Friends we loved and joys we cherished,
Silent and low;
Gone the gay, the sweet, the tender,
Gone like the glow
Of the morning's golden splendor,
Long time ago!

They were true to hope and passion,
Bright on each brow
Smiled the looks unchanged by fashion,
Long time ago;
And the clasp we met at morning
Evening would show,
With each grace the heart adorning,
Long time ago.

When I ponder o'er those pleasures,
Radiant their glow,
Buried now like Ocean treasures,
Time will not show;
Then sad feelings come unbidden,
Tears softly flow,
And the heart-pulse all unchidden
Beats *Long Ago!*

SONG.

Written for the Celebration of Burns's Birthday, and sung at the "BLUE BONNET," New York.

AIR.—"*Thou bonnie wood o' Cragie lee.*"

WHAT though the birds hae flown the spray,
Where late they sang in cantie glee,
And blushing flowers that gemmed the way
Nae mair now greet the raptured ee'.
Still wake wi' fancy wild and free
The votive lay, this festive night,
And let its mounting cadence be
Precursive o' supreme delight.

And though the wintry winds may sigh
In angry mood our shieling round,
We'll bid them blaw right drearily,
When such a joyous board is found;
E'en Time gaes by wi' lightsome bound,
Upon his dark or light career,
And leaveth not a zephyr's sound;
For ah, he treads on *heather* here.

Fill high the bowl wi' mantling wine,
We drink to virtue, genius, worth,
And wi' those attributes divine,
The glorious spirits o' the earth;
All souls o' pure heroic birth,
That swept the lyre in "Auld lang syne,"
And 'midst the raptures o' our mirth,
Departed Burns, we drink to thine.

Immortal bard! sae pure in mind,
Sae rich in soul-ennobling thought,
Thy strains hae every heart refined,
Sae freedom fired, sae fancy-fraught;

E'en slavery's heart the flame hath caught,
Where streams it frae thy glowing urn,
And wi' the patriot's tide o'erwrought,
Struck like the Bruce of Bannockburn!

The noble passions thou hast sung,
That droop within the humble cot,
And a' thy sweet enchantment flung
O'er Ayr's and Dee's romantic spot;
Nor love nor beauty was forgot,
For Jean and Mary point thy lay,
And Scotia's fairy vale and grot
Breathe o' thy muse's magic sway.

Where rise the far Siberian plains,
In Europe's or Columbia's clime,
Or where eternal summer reigns,
In a' its sweet and glorious prime;
There shall thy mounting song sublime
Be hymned by a' the good and free,
While roll the heaving waves of Time
Or glows the torch of Liberty!

I WOULD be slave to a bonny lass,
A slave to a noble thought,
But never, oh, never, a slave to the glass,
With its deadly poison fraught.

I would be slave to the grand desire
Of good for every class;
But never a slave to the liquid fire,
That shines in the ruby glass.

I would be slave for the longest life,
To mould and enlighten the mass;
But never be caught in the toils and strife,
That spring from the cursed glass!

ANNIVERSARY LINES TO THE

MEMORY OF WASHINGTON.

Be joy to this day—let your pæans ascend,
With the wealth of your bosoms in gratitude blending;
To the Chieftain, the Father, the Sage and the Friend,
Your Freedom, your birthrights, and beauty defending.
To our glorious Sire, let the young heart aspire—
Let it glow, let it burn with his patriot fire,
And shrine, in its kindling recesses, the fame
Of Washington's virtue and Washington's name!

And bear it, ye breezes, that wandering forth
Revisit the crushed in his poor humble dwelling;
Go, tell him that freedom yet dwells upon earth,
And breathe him the strains now so joyously swelling.
Oh! tell him the chain shall be sundered amain
If he *rise!* and it never shall bind him again;
For thus did our Washington, glorious name,
And left us contentment, and honor, and fame.

Where freedom is known, there his praises are heard—
And the lips of the beautiful sing you the story—
While the heroes, who charge in the battle, are stirred
With the thoughts of his might, and the light of his glory!
In the council or cot, still he hallows each spot,
For the nobly heroic are never forgot;
Then proudly let's sing to our Washington's name,
The peerless in virtue, in valor and fame!

So long as our mountains shall tower to the skies—
So long as our rivers shall roll to the ocean—
So long shall his memory like incense arise,
To strengthen our souls and inspire our devotion.
While the lay shall be sung—the proud wild harp be strung,
And our off'rings on Vernon's pure altar be flung;
For Liberty's children in gratitude claim
Their hero, the spotless, unequalled in fame!

SONG.

Air.—"*Bonaparte Crossing the Rhine.*"

Far from the home of my rosy pathed childhood,
Far from the bower that was Eden to me,
Far from the valley, the plain and the wildwood,
I roam—but, my country, I turn back to thee!
I turn in the hour when I ponder on glory,
I turn when I read thy unperishing story,
And behold, o'er the waves, thy old mountains so hoary,
And the Eagle of Liberty soaring and free!

I see thy broad lakes with the canvass o'erspreading,
Thy rivers, the art'ries and veins of the earth,
And thy valleys and plains, where the freeman is treading
The soil which the goddess bestowed at his birth!
I see, too, thy daughters in loveliness blending
The graces and virtues from heaven descending,
And know that thy sons, such a treasure defending,
Will add to their forefathers' glory and worth!

I see, too, thy plains, where their voices like thunder
Went up to the skies when they swore to be free;
When they met their invaders and smote them asunder,
Or drove the proud dastards far over the sea!
Can I fail then to love thee, though far from thy valleys,
I roam by the Rhine and her grape-wreathed alleys?
No! Beauty may smile, and enchant with her sallies,
Yet still, O Columbia, my heart is with thee!

When Life's declining sun shall fade,
And Statesmen count their laurels won;
More joy shall spring from *right* obeyed,
Most rapture from strict *duty* done.

SONG.

AIR.—"*The Bonnie Boat.*"

OH! sweet the opening verdant May,
And sweet the rosy June,
When briskly all the spirits play,
And every heart's in tune.
But sweeter far the beaming smile
Of those we fondly love;
When clasp, and look, and tone, and wile,
Their deep'ning passion prove.

Sweet are the joys that nature yields
To minds of noble make,
Who find on mountains, dells, or fields,
Ethereal feeling wake;
And sweet the joys of solitude,
But far these joys above,
Are pleasures drawn from hearts imbued
With gratitude and love.

The miser o'er his gold may pore,
The pedant o'er his books,
The poet to Elysium soar,
And range by crystal brooks.
Ay, give them all for which they sigh,
But I would blissful rove
With her who has the speaking eye,
And fondest heart to love.

The Sage may wear his life away
To win a doubtful fame,
And when his flowing locks are gray,
Achieve an honored name.
But give to me a joy in *youth*,
Oh! let me *daily* prove
The sweetness of a heart of truth,
That throbs with holy love.

I ask no measured length of years,
No piles of earthly store ;
I bound my hopes, and find my fears
Can trouble me no more.
I ask but this, in weal or wo,
One bosom I can move,
To place its height of joy below,
In strength of human love.

SONG OF THE EXILE.

" Erin of the green hills and sunny vales, how lovely are thy fields ! how sweet the voice of thy waving woods ! Young mossy flowers encircle thy clear springs, and thy roses rest on the velvet of lilies. Pleasant art thou to my thoughts, dear, native land of graceful Erin." OSSIAN.

My own, my native Erin !
I dreamed of thee last night ;
Of thy pleasant streams and dewy meads,
And scenes of young delight.
And my mem'ry wantoned freely
'Mongst the bowers my childhood knew,
And I pressed again the souls I loved,
To friendship ever true.

A mother's form bent o'er me
And printed on my cheek,
The kisses of affection warm
That language cannot speak.
And her pearly tears, that trembled
As they fell from out their shrine,
Waked all the holier feelings
In this beating heart of mine.

How fond I pressed thee, mother,
In the rapture of that sleep !
But, ah ! when fled the phantasy,
I woke, to more than weep.

To feel the exile's sorrow,
That treads a stranger shore,
And knows that love can find no wings
To waft the spirit o'er.

Oh! what may calm emotion,
In hearts that ne'er forget
Their glorious land, the noble souls
Whose kindred forms they met?
Is it *time* can wear the characters
From off the page of mind?
No, storms may beat with treble power—
The trace is still behind!

Then live ye, deep in memory,
Ye scenes and treasured forms,
All, that in darker moments
The exile's bosom warms.
And Hope, whose torch illumines
The darkling path I roam,
Shall point, with glow corruscant,
The weary wanderer home!

CONSECRATORY HYMN.

TUNE.—"*On Jordan's stormy banks I stand.*"

ETERNAL God of earth and sky,
Who reigns enthroned above,
Oh, bend on us thy gracious eye,
In plenitude of love;
We faint, we sink without thy smile,
To cheer our onward way;
But thou canst every doubt beguile,
And turn our night to day.

God, of our faith, we meet to raise
The anthem loud and free,
And consecrate with prayer and praise
A temple unto thee;
Oh, hallow thou the place and fill
Each heart with fire divine;
So we may do thy perfect will,
Within thy holy shrine.

We ask it in his sacred name,
Who bled on Calvary,
Who bore the Cross, endured the shame,
To make the creature free;
We ask it by a Father's love,
For children of his care;
Who fain that filial claim would prove,
By gratitude and prayer.

Lord, thou hast said thy Church should stand
Unmoved by change or time,
Firm as the bulwarks of the land,
A beacon, high, sublime;
Oh, grant that here we may not grope
For joys that fleeting be,
But with Love, Charity and Hope,
Look steadfastly to thee.

When wandering o'er this gloomy sphere,
We chance to find a noble heart,
That, true to Friendship's glow sincere,
Delights a solace to impart,
How do we wish to shield it warm,
Within our bosom's deep recess,
Where 'mid the dark, the light or storm,
'Twill throb to love, and beat to bless!

SONG.—THE HUDSON.

"Gentle river, gentle river."

Gentle river, gentle river,
Floating o'er thine own breast,
I am thankful to the Giver,
For the pleasures sweet possessed,
Thankful for the changing vision,
As I pass each fairy dell,
Thankful for the scene Elysian,
Loved before, but not so well!

Gentle river, on thy bosom
In the days of "long ago,"
When my heart was in its blossom,
First I saw thy silver flow;
Type it was of all my feelings,
Brightly then my current ran,
For I had no sad revealings
Of the changing heart of man.

Gentle river, gentle river,
Once again I view the past,
Yet am thankful to the Giver
For the purer joys that last.
Heart-encircling friends are round me,
Father, mother, sisters, dear
And their holy love has crowned me,
Happy in this gloomy sphere.

Gentle river, gentle river,
When a thousand years are gone,
Other hearts will thank the Giver,
Floating sweet thy bosom on.
They may sing in tones more loudly,
All the grace and beauty thine,
But not love thee half as proudly,
As this greatful breast of mine.

I'M SITTING BY THY SIDE, DEAREST.

AIR.—"*I'm sitting on the stile, Mary.*"

I'M sitting by thy side, dearest,
Thy hands are clasped in mine,
And my cheek is nestling on thine own,
And my heart is pressed to thine;
That heart which warmly throbs for thee,
Where'er my footsteps roam,
Returns again like wandering dove
To its endearing home.

I've sailed the stormy ocean, love,
Through many a changing zone,
And perils deep surrounded me,
And my soul was sad and lone;
But a star forever won my eye,
Though dark the tempest grew,
And changeless shone in memory's sky,
To light the wanderer through.

The words, "dost thou remember, love,"
When last you sighed on me,
You breathed between each parting kiss,
"Forever true to thee;"
Those lines are traced upon my heart,
Like bannerets of old,
And like a charm, thou bear'st me on,
With nightly courage bold.

I'm sitting by thee once again,
My arms are round thy form,
And I sip the balmy draughts of bliss,
From Nature's chalice warm;
And ever as our eyes shall meet,
Or thoughts on each shall fall,
Those words, "Forever true to thee,"
Love's homage shall recall.

ODE FOR THE FOURTH OF JULY.

AIR.—"*Hail to the Chief.*"

HAIL to the morn, bursting o'er us in splendor,
Birth-day of glory, that never shall fade;
Long may our grateful emotions thus render
Homage, where Valor her Temple's arrayed.
Gaze on each glorious name,
Gilding our Nation's fame,
Martyrs of Freedom o'er land and o'er sea,
Loud be the strains we pour,
Echoed from shore to shore,
Justice has triumphed—Columbia is free.

Hark! for the breeze like a Mercury bending,
Brings us o'erladen, from all the blest land,
Tidings of joy with our happiness blending,
To strengthen the heart and the bosom expand;
Fair on our thousand plains,
Smiling Contentment reigns;
Order and Justice linked sweetly we see,
Here discords quickly cease,
Lulled by the charms of Peace,
And laurelled Columbia moves onward, the free.

See the rich wealth that she mines in her mountains,
Strips from her forests and stores on her plains,
Wins from her lakes and her bright river fountains,
Blessing the homesteads where Liberty reigns.
See, as her altars rise,
Towering amid the skies,
Wisdom's and Virtue's exalted degree;
Freemen, forever then,
Guard like true countrymen,
Our dearest Father-land, clime of the free.

Lo, as the sun, in the march of his glory,
Beams from the ocean and smiles o'er the world;
See how he bathes the old bulwarks of story,
Where Tyrants were met and whence Tyrant's were hurled.
List how the breezes waft
Prayers round that sentient shaft;
"Rear, thee, proud Bunker, through ages to be
Tell while the waves shall roll,
Breathe it deep in each soul,
Union shall guard thee, the peerless and free."

Warm let us keep, in our memories shrining,
The virtues and deeds of our Fathers of yore,
Let the lessons they gave us, exalted, refining,
Ennoble our bosoms the more and the more.
Sons of such glorious line,
Ne'er shall our faith decline,
"Honor and Virtue," our motto shall be;
Then let Time roll away,
Still shall our Natal day
Find us Columbia, the happy and free.

Some darling pets have I and Kate,
That warble music night and day,
Who soften all the ills of Fate,
And shed around a kindling ray;
'Tis not alone the sparkling eye,
Or merry laugh that makes us feel
The charm of all the witchery,
We own, and choose not, to conceal.
But 'tis *affections* torch that glows,
So warmly from each cheek of rose,
That breathes in song, or kindly words,
Gushing as melody of birds.

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The second number of

WANDERING STRAINS

FROM THE

LYRE OF THE NORTH,

Is in press and will appear in a few days, in style commensurate with this number.

A second edition of No. 1 is in course of publication.